

Σὺν θεοῖς θεηχάουσι πολέμοι φανούμεθα.

THE

ANTI-TEAPOT

REVIEW.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

OXFORD: SLATTER & ROSE, 2 & 3, HIGH STREET.

READING: GOLDER, LONDON ROAD.

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T H E

ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

—o—o—o—
No. VIII. — FEBRUARY 15TH, 1866.
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MRS. GRUNDY.

WE must introduce our readers to an old lady of forbidding aspect and austere countenance. She is not only a mythical, but a real personage; her sway is undisputed in half the parishes of England; she is generally considered a paragon of virtue and a model of correctness, a *ne plus ultra* in everything which concerns everybody, a charitable old lady with uncharitable proclivities; her character must indeed be immaculate, as it is supposed to be compounded of charity, piety, benevolence, and all other virtuous habits. Her shibboleth is to love God above all, and her neighbour as herself. We might suppose that the said old lady is an universal philanthropist, to be revered and respected by all men; that she loves a man in that he is a man, and that, like a hen, she would, to preserve her brood, rush even upon a lion. The loving old lady of whom we speak pins her faith on example and authority. She is not to be thrown out of the old beaten paths of propriety or orthodoxy (?) by any of the "newfangled" notions of modern science, for she hates logic, and calls new discoveries "farthing scientific rushlights;" all her ideas have been cast in a previous mould, and riveted to those of others. She is strong in the strength of prejudice, and the only genius to which she ever laid the slightest shadow of a claim is the genius of parochial tradition. Her mind is turned instinctively backward on the past, and she cannot project it to the future.

She could not, for the life of her, imagine anything, either in individual or general truth, different from what has been handed down to her as such. Give her costume, dialect, manners,

popular superstition, grotesque characters such as she has known in her youth (now, alas! no more), supernatural events, the last theological *bon mot*, or a description of local grievances, and conform rigidly to the inexorable dictum which she puts forth, and you too—an Anti-Teapot in practice, though not in name—will be described as a great and virtuous character; in fact, one to whom the venal old lady herself will crouch, and to whom every one else ought, in her opinion at least, to offer the qualified worship—not *latreia*—of due respect and veneration.

The same old lady also possesses many other attributes which may, or may not, deserve our praise. For instance, she not only crouches to power, but she is always more disposed to fall upon and crush, than to come forward to the support of a sinking individual. She is not like La Fleur, in the "Sentimental Journey," who advanced three steps forward to his master when the gendarmes arrested him; she bears a far stronger resemblance to the *maitre d'hôtel* who retired three paces backwards on the same occasion. We may, of course, suppose that the said *m. d'h.* had heard of the rat and a sinking ship, and looked upon discretion as the better part of valour. The old lady is a bigot to the shadow of power and authority, a slave to prejudice and custom, and tries to enslave all who throw themselves into her power; but she is a coward in everything else. She has not a particle of mental courage. She is bitter and uncharitable; and from the lofty pinnacle on which she is placed looks down with unmitigated scorn and contempt on the failings of others. No virtue, however exalted, can cleanse you from the plague-spot with which you will be marked, unless you follow obediently in her train, and listen complacently to the innumerable "intricacies of delicacy" with which her sombre court is surrounded.

She not only imbibes a bad opinion of you from hearsay, but condemns you unheard, and conceals the good she knows of you, both from herself and the world. She is a miserable old woman, full of formality and hypocrisy, and she never forgave an injury in her life. Let any one offend her, and she exclaims, with Iago in the play,

"Though that their joy be joy
Yet will I contrive
To throw such stages of vexation on it
As it may lose some colour."

Her impudence is extreme, and devoid of dignity (Fielding says

"there is a certain dignity in the impudence of women of quality," though for our own part we have not yet discovered wherein the dignity of impudence consists; her malice is cold-blooded, covert, crawling, and deliberate, without the frailty or excuse of passion. She clubs her vices and venalities together, and by the help of both united she is invincible. Her age is unknown, and her parentage obscure; she is of no occupation or profession, and her great delight in life is to take care of everybody's business except her own! She never had a husband; she can, and does, gossip and talk cant; she is an ignoramus about everything but the affairs of her neighbours; she denounces with severity, and punishes without mercy; she is more dreaded than an absolute monarch; her power is supreme over all causes and in all cases, both secular and ecclesiastical; her home is nowhere and yet everywhere; and if any of our readers are ever unfortunate enough to discover her front door, let them put on a bold face and ask for the peerless British sultana of whom we have been writing—her name is

MRS. GRUNDY.

A TRACT FOR THE *TIMES*.

THE *Times*, in a recent invective against Ritualism, has not only well sustained its character of being a very feeble elucidator of ecclesiastical matters, but has also arrived at a conclusion concerning human nature which is at once novel and erroneous. We quote the passage to which we allude as given by the *Evening Standard* of February 5:—

"There is something in the English nature essentially antagonistic to display of any sort, and the intrusion of such demonstrations into the solemnity of divine service will ever be profoundly offensive to the great mass of Englishmen."

Can it be true that these words emanated from the mighty oracle of Printing-house Square? We are not disposed to pronounce the *Evening Standard* guilty of wilful maliciousness, so we must receive the statement as if we had read it with our own eyes in the columns of the *Times* itself; nor must we omit passing a vote of thanks to the editor of the *Evening Standard* for exposing in an exceedingly modest manner, or perhaps altogether unintentionally, the fallibility of the *Times*. We challenge any man of intelligence to read such unmitigated trash without giving way to a violent fit of laughter, or at the

very least without smiling at the superabundant knowledge which the writer of it apparently possesses as regards the character of the English nation from the earliest period to the present time. The early Britons were addicted to a love of display, inasmuch as they daubed their skins with various colours, and exhibited their artistic designs to their enemies; as they advanced in civilization, we read that the love of outward display still existed amongst them, although it was demonstrated in a still more unmistakeable form,—the history of this country affords numerous instances; but perhaps the writer of those unhappy lines is of opinion that there was no event in the reigns of the Tudors or Stuarts that contradicts his conclusion. We may be departing from the question at issue. The writer does not assert that there *was*, but only that “there *is* something in the English nature essentially antagonistic to display of any sort:” he may only be alluding to the present generation. Let it be so. That man must be an innocent of the greenest water who believes that the frequenters of the “Row,” the Esplanade at Brighton, or Scarborough, take their morning exercise merely for the sake of bodily health; of course it would not be well to apply to them that line of Virgil’s which penny-a-liners are ever ready to make use of when so favourable an opportunity as this presents itself.

Of course the shopkeepers at the West End, or of any flourishing town in England, never study anything but what is sure to be free from being censured as gorgeous or ostentatious, for they are all strongly opposed to any attempt at display. Of course the English gentleman has the greatest objection to live in any but a quiet-looking, unadorned house; and as for the retired English shopkeeper, so superlatively antagonistic is he to outward display of any sort, that he would at once follow Cicero’s injunction:—“*Cavendum est, præsertim si ipse ædifices, ne extra modum sumptu et magnificentia prodeas.*”

Of course ladies, when they meet together apart from the haunts of man, never think of talking about dress, nor “how very nice” they will look at the coming Drawing Room, Opera, or Ball; they always dress so very neatly and simply, and entirely disregard superfluities. Of course the people of England, from the highest to the lowest, did not exhibit any love of display at the Prince of Wales’ marriage,—was not every house in the kingdom draped in sombre black in order that those who came from foreign shores might see that there is something in the English

nature "essentially antagonistic to display?" Of course none of those eminent writers who compose the staff of the *Times* ever make an intentional "display" of any sort, not even of their writings. Of course they always take the greatest possible care to keep concealed from view any pin or ring brilliant with jewels which they may have, and we suppose they never make an intentional display of their outer garments; they clothe themselves simply because it is the custom amongst civilized nations not to appear publicly in Nature's garb. Do they not go to church (or chapel) with their wives and families without caring a straw what their neighbours may think of their dress? Of course they do; for in them, as with the rest of their fellow-countrymen, exists the "something essentially antagonistic to display"—i.e., if we accept the *Times* as gospel.

The *Times* is sure to make some egregious blunder when it handles religious matters; it would therefore pursue a prudent course if it left them for the discussion of those who understand more about them and human nature. We should be particularly pleased to become acquainted personally with the great prophet who can, with such unblushing assurance, pronounce the fate of Ritualism. Surely his acquaintance must be worth cultivating; for he might enlighten us on many other subjects of futurity. No doubt Dr. Cumming will be delighted to learn from him a new thing or two in the prophetic line of business. In conclusion, we ask could the writer of this strange sentence have been serious, or was he ironical? If he really means what he says, we cannot but infer that he is suffering from a severe attack of hypochondria, and that his only joy and comfort are derived from the soporiferous effusions administered in a Friends' Meeting-house, or some other Little Bethel.

SCENTS AND WINES.*

THE indefatigable Mr. Rimmel, of toilet vinegar notoriety, has not only written, but scented a book; and the literary vaporizer is now before us. The author informs us in the preface, why he was led to emerge from the depths of his laboratory and to appear before the public in an entirely new

* 1. *The Book of Perfumes*, by Eugene Rimmel. Third edition. London: Chapman & Hall, 1865.

2. *Wine as it is drunk in England*. London: 20, Piccadilly, 1865.

character. We are quite certain that if any one has ever had an opportunity of obtaining an insight into the world of sweet smells, Mr. Rimmel is that fortunate individual. Mr. Rimmel is not the first writer who has given us a book on perfumes; and if we were ignorant, until the appearance of the present work, of his claims to be considered an author, we have for years past known him as the manufacturer of those delightful portable ecstasies which he has introduced and corked up in scent-bottles. Mr. Rimmel tells us that he has avoided recipes, and also shunned allusions to his personal trade. He may, however, feel convinced that the name of Mr. Rimmel and his family will be handed down to posterity from the fact that a very neat engraving at the end of the book gives us a very good view of the "Parfumerie Rimmel," flower garden, and distillery at Nice. Mr. Rimmel has written a complete history of perfumery, and gives us a list of all the materials which are used in the art of which he is himself *facile princeps*.

These materials, says one author, are supplied by all parts of the world, "from the parched regions of the torrid zone to the icy realms of the arctic pole." They may be divided, according to their nature, into twelve series, viz.—the animal, floral, herbal, andropogon, citrine, spicy, ligneous, radical, seminal, balmy or resinous, fruity, and artificial. The animal series comprises only three substances, musk, civet, and ambergris, and says Mr. R., "It is very useful in perfumery, on account of its powerful aroma, which resists evaporation longer than any other." We find that there are only eight flowers, viz.—jasmine, rose, orange, tuberose, cassie, violet, jonquil, and narcissus, which are available for perfumery purposes. The sweetness of the rose is turned to account in several ways, the perfumer obtains from the queen of flowers an essential oil, a distilled water, a perfumed oil, and a pomade. Even the withered leaves are rendered available to form the ground of sachet powder. The species used for perfumery is the hundred-leaved rose (*Rosa centifolia*). It is extensively cultivated near Adrianople, whence comes the far-famed "otto of roses," and also in the south of France, where pomades and oils are made. The orange-blossoms (can one mention them without thinking of weddings and other dismal "functions"?) used for perfumery are those of the bigarrade or bitter-orange. The tuberose grows wild in Java and Ceylon; the cassie is a shrub of the acacia tribe, and grows only in southern latitudes. It is a valuable "perfumer's assistant;" and we gather from Mr. Rimmel's pages that it

possesses in the highest degree a fresh floral fragrance which renders it highly useful in compounds. It bears some resemblance to the violet, and, being much stronger, is often used to fortify that scent. The tree does not bear flowers until it is five or six years old. In Tunis an essential oil of cassie is made which is sold at £4 an ounce.

Mr. Rimmell enumerates and describes all the other contents of our scent-bottles, with a care and precision which reflect much credit on his industry and research.

As a man of business, we are aware that Mr. Rimmel does not underrate the value of advertisements. We might cite the play-bills and scented crackers as proof positive of the marvellous effect which advertising has upon trade; but Mr. Rimmel likes everything in its place, and we gladly give him credit for having avoided in his book the hybrid mixture of literature and puff which, in other works, so frequently insult the good sense of the reader. At p. 9, we come across a very good engraving of a floral clock, invented by some patient botanist, who wished to enlighten the world as to the exact hours at which the different flowers are wont to open. We are inclined to doubt the accuracy of the conclusions at which the said botanist has arrived. Mr. Rimmel's book may be fairly considered a perfect palaestra of perfumed gymnastics; but we cannot conceive why the author should think it at all necessary to tell us at p. 9, that "all odours are not alike in intensity," for the remark is not very original. At p. 33, there is a passage about dramatists, of which the meaning is painfully obscure; and when the author introduces the word "they" we really do not know whether he means the "dramatists" or "this strange habit." Again, we do not see the use of dragging in the old assertion that the Jews are "undoubtedly the most ancient people extant." On the next page occurs the following extraordinary passage, "It is true Genesis does not mention incense as having formed part of the holocaust; but the very words that follow, "And the Lord smelled a sweet savour," may lead us to suppose that such was the case." Mr. R. might just as well tell us that no ladies are likely to be found in heaven, because we read in the Apocalypse of silence in heaven for the space of one hour; or that we have every reason to suppose that, "once upon a time," the hills had very tender feet, and that they afterwards took to dancing the Schottische—as soon as they had been emancipated by Mr. Dowie's boots from the thralldom of fashion—because the Psalmist asks "Why hop ye so?"

At pp. 42 and 54 we actually come across real Hebrew characters; we wonder whether this feat in caligraphy was performed by Mr. Rimmel himself, by some live Jew, or the Oxford and Cambridge professors. For our own part we confess that we should feel much more at home if Mr. R. would not get off the rails and wander from the groves of perfumes to the regions of etymology. We do not believe that any man is a universal genius, and we think it would be far wiser if Mr. Rimmel did not descant upon the meanings of *στακτή* and *στάζειν*; though of course his explanations of "foreign-looking" words will make a wonderful impression on those ladies who are not blue enough to attend Dr. Heimann's Greek classes, or to possess (and use) a large Liddell and Scott.

There seems to be war to the knife amongst the most enterprising members of the wine trade; and Mr. Denman has written a pamphlet in which, backed by the opinions of the press, he endeavours to prove what port and sherry really are, and how impossible it is that they should be esteemed as pure juice of the grape by any who have made inquiries into the mode of their manufacture. A reform in wine drinking is being brought about; and the fashion which has so long exacted from every respectable inhabitant of this kingdom, the obligation of placing the two inevitable decanters of port and sherry upon his side-board as the best representatives of the wines of the world is being slowly undermined by independent thinkers, who deny that these compounds are entitled to be called wines at all, and who assert that they should properly be classed with liqueurs, which are not intended to be drunk, but only to be sipped. There is much sound sense in many of Mr. Denman's remarks; and, although we do not hold with all the conclusions arrived at in the pamphlet before us, we are very glad to find, in spite of the "Permissive," that nearly all wines, including even the "Anti-Teapot Wines," have at last found a champion to defend them.

A BRAHMIN MISSIONARY.

WHAT would be the result if a Brahmin Missionary were to visit England in order to instruct some of our religious teachers in the first principles of candour and charity? Suppose he took as his text, one of the very highest authority, "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again?" Should he begin with the seemingly incorrigible? Should he be allowed to summon

the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Oxford into his presence, and ask him to help him to an interpretation of the Divine words? Should he implore the Oxonian to look the Natalian Bishop in the face, to plead ignorance of the Greek text—oblivion of the English version—or to declare that he had found a more authoritative reading, showing that the two *nots* had come into the wrong places, and belonged to the second instead of the first part of the paragraph? Should he interrogate another learned prelate as to whether in England the hare was “a ruminating animal,” and enquire of a third how the Eternal Father was occupied seven thousand years ago, before he thought of the work of creation, when darkness and chaos surrounded him on every side. The counter attempt at “conversion” for the salvation of our Brahminical visitor should be undertaken by a fourth, who would manage to explain how, in the universal deluge, “fifteen cubits of water” covered the highest mountains, and, when every creature perished but those who went into the ark, how the llamas were brought from the Andes—the kangaroos from Australia—the hippopotamus from Africa—the lions from his own Indian land? If he were told that doubts were devilish, and prostration of the intellect the first demand of faith, might he not possibly reply that he could no more get rid of his doubts than he could get rid of his brains, and that it was part of his nature to hold in some reverence the gifts which made him superior to the beasts of the field? He might ask some of the fierce denouncers of geological and astronomical science, whether they had ever read the books they so loudly vituperated, and suggest that condemnation, without listening to the evidence, did not suit his notions of law or equity. He might ask whether heterodoxy and orthodoxy were equally honoured and rewarded; whether in the field of scientific revelation there was another grand hierarchy of archbishops, bishops, and benefited men, largely remunerated, loftily elevated, for services rendered in diffusing those divine communications which concern boundless time and infinite space. He might—*what might he not*—think of the fright and fears of those *whose truths* tremble at every healthy breeze, and whose convictions are exhibited, not by arguments, but by anathemas. The Brahmin would return home recording among the wonders of his travels, that he had seen in England multitudes busily engaged in wetting blankets to cover the sun, in making machinery to stop the courses of the planets, and in shouting to the inhabitants of the fixed stars that they, our worldly chosen ones, they alone, were the monopolists of all truth and wisdom.

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J. B.

OUR BAVARDEUR.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and so do the pantomimes, thank Heaven ! for, between ourselves, in company with a few others, I am getting very tired of these pantomimes. Roast beef, plum-pudding, mince pies, pantomimes, and intense satisfaction with oneself, are, all of them, things essentially English ; but there is such a thing as having too much of a good thing, although I'm not prepared to admit that a pantomime is a good thing ; but of this I am quite certain, I've had enough of them. Avaunt masks and revolving stars, fairies and demons, clowns and police ! a little less noise, and a little more sense. However, I must, I suppose, notice them ; but, although not the tit-bit, I'll leave them till the last, taking sequence of events as an apology, and therefore glance at a play or two that were in existence before that melancholy period, known as " Merry Christmas." Pooh !

To begin with, the Princess's is still successful with " It is never too late to Mend," a great triumph of Mr. Vining's *versus* the critics. " Henry Dunbar " is also prosperous at the Olympic. It is quite worthy of a visit, Mr. Neville's acting and get up being very good. Miss Terry also good—of course. Mr. Montague, gentlemanlike and easy. Mr. Vincent, as the *Major*, excellent ; the part might have been written for him. The whole piece is well cast, were it not for Miss E. Leigh and her lover. This couple's acting is admirably suited to themselves, and they effectually spoil any scene in which they have to act with any of the other personages.

A rather bold experiment at the St. James's, viz., legitimate comedy in the shape of the " School for Scandal," has resulted in the most triumphant success. But how could this be otherwise with such a *Lady Teazle* as Miss Herbert ? She is simply perfection ; acting, voice, dress, manner ; nothing could be wanting ; and it is simply with Miss Herbert that the success of the piece lies, for, after all, the other characters are not quite what one could desire. Mr. Frank Mathews, good, of course, as *Sir Peter*, is at the same time rather too eager to raise a laugh at his domestic afflictions, and does not think enough of personating a gentleman of the old school. Mr. W. Lacey is by no means one's idea of the gay and careless *Charles*, with his thick black moustache (more like one of the Old Guard, who never surrenders, at least he won't his moustache), and that alarming amount of grace which drives him, whatever his part, into the

most distressing evolutions of arms and legs, and unutterable anguish as to the best position for his hat and cane; any one attitude, apparently, being considered by him appropriate, as long as it in no way approaches what a human being would, off the stage, do with the aforesaid articles.

Mrs. F. Mathews makes a good *Mrs. Candour*, and Miss Bufton efficiently fills the part of *Lady Sneerwell*. But, as I've said before, the whole play depends on Miss Herbert, who has in this piece proved herself to be not only the most lady-like actress on the English stage for modern comedy, but the most finished exponent of the female characters of the older school of the English drama.

I went to see "*Rip Van Winkle*" at the Adelphi, as I could not allow Mr. Jefferson to go on having such a success without once seeing him. He certainly is a great, clever, and most natural actor; those who don't care sitting through a long, tiresome piece for the sake of seeing a little bit of acting worthy of the "*Français*," had better go; but two things puzzle me about *Rip*. Why does such an undeniably good actor condescend to appear in such a detestably stupid play? and why, when all the other peasants talk the best of cockney English, does *Rip* speak the most broken sort of broad German, and insist on pronouncing "jolly," "yolly?" Alas! I puzzled, but could find no clue.

After having been reported to be about to appear at two other theatres, "*La Belle Hélène*" is at length definitely advertised at this theatre. Oh! while about the Adelphi, has dear old Paul Bedford inherited a fortune from his great-grandson, or what has happened? All that the public can know, and does know, is that the other day a letter appeared in the papers, the author of which might have been guessed by the style, even had there been no signature, "which, however, there was," and it was Paul Bedford's. The sprightly youth began by recounting a few old coaching experiences, which always end by having to tip the coachman and guard. Even I know what a curse this was. You naturally suppose Paul is going to indulge in a little mild self-congratulation on the advantages of the present style of travelling, when sixpence to the porter is an illegality. No such thing. Paul thinks boxes ought to be erected at the stations to collect stray pence for the engine-drivers, porters, &c., who are not sufficiently well paid, and these pence are to be called (why or wherefore?) "Paul's pence." Bosh! If the *employés* are not sufficiently paid, as perhaps is the case, *à qui la faute?* The public? Certainly not. *They* pay

enough for their fares from one place to another, why submit themselves to an imposition to save the company? It absolutely appears as if Mr. Bedford wished the days of tipping, the greatest curse of England, to return. Thank Heaven, we can now dine, without having to pay for our dinner before leaving our host's house, as used to be the case not twenty years ago. It is true we have black mail levied, if we pay a country visit, by the gentleman who waits on us. In one case, at a certain marquis's, the gentleman in question refused a fiver for a week's valeting. This came to the marquis's ears, who instantly put in all the rooms a request that guests would give nothing to servants. This is as it should be. A certain royal personage has lately tried to do away with the above practice of feeing the gamekeeper for the day's shooting, but this wise plan was found useless on account of the guests insisting on giving a gratuity. At some country houses they have now a box for presents to the gamekeeper; but when this is adopted, nobody puts in. In my opinion, all feeing and tipping is radically wrong. You ought to be able to have your poorest friend down in the country, and know that he does not feel bound to give five shillings a-week to an overfed scoundrel, whom you would not keep if you did not receive friends. It is true that at Eton the masters are not ashamed to reduce themselves to flunkies, and receive notes, varying in value, in accordance with the rank of the pupils when they leave that time-honoured college; but still, in these days of improvements, and efforts to do away with percentages, and all such quasi-dishonest dealings, we regret to see a gentleman capable of writing a letter in support of an old, worn-out abuse. It may do credit to his heart, but not to his sense. In conclusion, if Mr. Bedford, or any other, have pence or coin of a larger value to spare, much better send it to the police courts, or some society, where it is sure to be used in some really necessitous case, than put it into boxes for engine-drivers, or the hands of the humbugs who infest London streets.

Now for two words about the pantomimes. The Covent Garden is universally acknowledged to be the best mounted, I believe. The dresses are beautiful, even the ballet dresses are so pretty. The subject of the pantomime is "Aladdin, or Harlequin and the Flying Palace." A most unnecessary fuss was made about the Flying Palace in the advertisements, which led people to imagine a most wonderful scene in which they supposed a structure on the stage was removed before their eyes; whereas

on one scene a drop representing an ugly old man simply descends, and when it rises, certainly discovers a pretty scene of a palace; but in this there is no great mechanical, or other effect. The scene of the opening is a street in Canton, which is wonderfully put on the stage. The harlequinade is not much, except a good trick of pulling a policeman to pieces; putting him together against the wall, the policeman walks forward—clothes disappear, when lo! and behold Mr. Harlequin. But, on the whole, it is a slow, long pantomime; and this is the complaint of the Drury Lane one too. It is always the same; year after year the Christmas pieces are mounted more like operas in splendour, and the transformation scenes each year become more wonderful in their unrolling treasures. Certainly this year the prettiest transformation to my mind was at the Alhambra, in the last ballet, the descent of King Dragon Fly; but I've had rather a shock in the matter of transformations; for, going to Astley's one night, we just arrived in time for the great scene, viz., "the grand, marvellous transformation scene of Mr. Chas. Brew," which another paragraph, by the same author, adds "is elaborate, and must be seen by every one." Well, we did not see it, at least not the whole; for, in the middle of unfolding leaves, a shrill cry of fire was heard. All the comic characters rushed on, not to mention supernumeraries, carpenters, &c., &c., who all commenced giving directions at one and the same time; and the poor ballet girls were hastily let down, fainting and screaming, from the perilous positions in which they were tied. The comic scenes were shoved forward, and Mr. E. T. Smith, in a coat lined with fur, assured everybody, with much gesticulation, that all was right, and no one hurt, a slight explosion of gas, and hoped the comic scenes might proceed. The "great little Rowella" (the best clown in London) did proceed, and all went happy as a marriage bell. But what I remarked most in this little scene was, that almost before you could observe anything wrong on the stage, half the audience were up, and rushing to the doors, like a flock of sheep. It gave one some slight idea of what a fearful and awful thing a real rush must be; and, however dreadful or imminent the danger of fire, I had rather that than be pressed to death by my fellow-creatures.

Besides the "School for Scandal," already mentioned at the St. James's, they have "The Manageress in a Fix," in which all the ordinary characters assume pantomimic garments, and enact a pantomime with great success, F. Mathews naturally exciting

roars of laughter by appearing as *Clown*, and Mr. Charles and Miss Collinson astonishment by the very able way they enact *Harlequin* and *Columbine*.

A good burlesque, "*Little Don Giovanni*," is successful at the Prince of Wales's, preceded by a clever, but on the whole poorly acted comedy, "*Society*," by Mr. S. W. Robertson.

"*Brother Sam*" still draws at the Haymarket, followed by a version of "*Orfée aux Enfers*," called "*Orpheus in the Haymarket*." The music is well played; but it is melancholy to see this piece in England after France, and there is no one who in the singing does the least justice to the piece. I am afraid "*La Belle Hélène*" will not have a better fate.

"*L'Africaine*" still acts at the Strand; and "*The Master of Ravenswood*" is much praised, both for scenery and acting, at the Lyceum. The words are Scott's own.

There is nothing else particularly new. The Oxford keeps up its usual reputation; but I cannot say much for the "Strand" Musick Hall, although it has dropped the "k." The Alhambra is by far the most popular resort in London, and the Drury Lane pantomime is drawing immense crowds to see the very good old-acting of a very small boy. Sydney has introduced the A. T. S. into one of his capital songs at Evans's, and he makes very honourable mention of us.

MARRIED LIFE. No. 2.

THE *Eclipse* furnishes forth a second theme for reflection on the wedded state. "Why does not marriage result in the contentment of those who are bound together till death does them part?"

As it is always advisable to "treat with principals," we will, with regard to this question, have the sentiments of Hymen himself—

"If matches are so badly made
At once I must forswear my trade;
You send me such ill-coupled folks
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They quarrel for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together."

Chronology has not given us the date of this speech, but that is of small consequence. It is but too sure that, if the deity would favour us with another, in the present day, his displeasure

would be the same, and for the same reason—*i. e.*, that the folks are “ill-coupled.” Much unhappiness might be prevented if the young or old man who deems it expedient to marry would take the trouble to assure himself that the sentiments and subjects of interest of his admired one are in unison with his own. Let him also take good care that he be not deceived in this particular. Crabbe’s sketches are taken from life; and Crabbe relates that a young lady, wishing to entrap a gentleman who had set his heart upon having an exceedingly clever and intellectual wife, took her measures accordingly.

“She could be seen retiring with a book” (detestable deceiver); and by working out a complete system of hypocrisy and imposition was made the wedded wife of the man whose happiness depended upon finding in his life-partner one who could share, understand, and appreciate his scientific studies and learned researches. See how she comes down upon him when, some weeks after their union, he ventures to make a gentle inquiry into the sincerity of her former admiration and love of learning:—

“Mercy! how you tease!
You knew I said it with a view to please!
A compliment to you, and quite enough.
You would not kill me with that puzzling stuff!”

It is true that all men do not desire in their wives high and extraordinary acquirements. For some it may be sufficient that the ladies should “carve and make birch wine;” but let them look out sharply, or they will be disappointed even in these very humble and moderate expectations; and, like too many others, find themselves and their helpmates amongst the unfortunate beings whom Hymen has designated “ILL-COUPLED FOLKS.”

SHORT NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Pall-Mall Gazette, February 12, 1866.

LET us give all honour to the *P. M. G.*, an evening newspaper and review, which began its existence under rather unfavourable circumstances, and with an unfortunate opening sentence, in which “and” was inadvertently placed for “but.” The *P. M. G.* has earned its laurels well, and we hope it may wear them long. We felt it necessary to “pitch into” the flowery prospectus, by which the *P. M. G.* was announced, and we are

but too glad to give the paper itself the highest κῶδος. We do not hold with the politics of the *P. M. G.*, but we like and admire the manly *tone* in which all the articles are written. The contribution on the twaddling school of Essayists, of which A. K. H. B., a Scotch Presbyterian minister, and the author of the "Gentle Life," are the leading representatives, is most able. The atrabilious "social" articles of the *Saturday Review*, would be all the better for a little wholesome lashing, such as we find occasionally in the *P. M. G.*

A Descriptive Hand-Book for the National Pictures in the Westminster Palace. By T. J. Gullick. London: Bradbury and Evans, 1865.

This is the very book which has long been wanted. We can recommend it most heartily to all our readers. The title-page contains one unlucky sentence, which we will not repeat, save to the indefatigable editor, and ask him to alter it in the next edition. But why should we complain of a single paragraph, when the whole book is really a most invaluable addition to the literature of the day?

The Brown Book for 1866. London: Saunders, Otley and Co.

This is a wonderfully good shilling's worth, and ought to be in the hands of every country cousin who comes up once a-year—thank goodness! we have not come to *Once a Week*—to see the live lions of London, and all the straw with which they are supposed to be stuffed. We should like to be able to impress upon the Publishers of the "Brown Book," that an index is simply essential to the comfort of verdant Anti-Teapot Reviewers.

The Omnibus. A Satire. London: Trübner and Co., 1865.

It is really satirical on the part of the writer of such a lot of compressed bosh as this neatly printed volume contains to suppose that the "Omnibus" contains a single line which would, according to Johnson's definition, place this offshoot of "the Row" amongst works which really are what they profess to be. If the "Omnibus" be a satire, defend us from satirical writers. We should prefer a four-wheeler, nice and fresh from the small-pox hospital, to the fearful shakes which we meet with in the rhythm of this unlimited Omnibus Company.

The Literature of the Sabbath Question. By Robert Cox, F.S.A.

Scot. Two vols. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1865.

Mr. Cox has rendered great service to the Anti-Puritan section in Scotland; and we hail the appearance of his two volumes with the greatest delight. We know, from experience, what the Scotch

Sabbath is like ; and we consider Mr. Cox a public benefactor, both to the English and Scotch public, for having dealt with the whole Sunday Question in such a manner, that all future writers on the Sunday Question—Dr. Hessey not excluded—will have to console themselves with the thought, that on this subject at least *nihil dictu quod non prius dictum*. We must defer a lengthened notice of Mr. Cox's able and exhaustive work till the Sunday Question—*re* "Sunday Evenings for the People"—has been legally decided in the Court of Queen's Bench.

The Eclipse. No. 3. Edinburgh: Mathers. Oxford: Slatter and Rose.

This is the joint production of Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge men. We wish it all success, better engravings, and a few short articles.

The Oxford Undergraduates' Journal, No. 1. Oxford: Bowden.

This small "periodical" contains a full catalogue of "notices," &c., picked up from the walls of the Union, the 'Varsity Barge, and a few small clubs which are of interest (and importance) only to the freshest and greenest members of our Alma Mater. The editors inaugurate their "Reign of Terror" by telling their readers in a few slipshod sentences, that Ch. Ch. bread and butter, the dons and other "grievances" will be severely handled in their columns. A few pious platitudes are introduced about ritualism and "celebrations," but for these the editors say, with becoming simplicity, that they are "not responsible." Since the days of "You're Another" (R. I. P.), we have not seen any essentially local production with a smaller amount of wit or originality than that contained in the O. U. J.

Will not "any other" *You're Another* rush to the rescue (for a number or two), and give Oxford the benefit of another edition of Manchester Billingsgate?

Essays read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of University College, London. London: H. K. Lewis, 1865.

The London University "Lit. and Phil." was founded in November, 1863; and its objects are the reading and discussion of papers on literary, philosophical, and scientific subjects. The meetings of the society are held once a month, when visitors are invited to attend. The three essays which have been printed are of too dry a nature to interest our readers; but the idea of the "Lit. and Phil." is good, and the activity displayed by the members is worthy of the imitation of the members of Ye Red Club, which, as far as we are aware, is the only representative of a 'Varsity Lit. and Phil. in Oxford.

Annual Report of the German Gymnastic Society for the year 1865.
London: Elliott, 1866.

We gather from this publication that the G. G. S., is in a most flourishing condition, and we wish all success to the success which these institutions for the propagation of muscular Christianity deserve. We may inform our university readers that the hall of the G. G. S. is in Old St. Pancras Road, and that the subscriptions are moderate.

The Prospectus of the Young England One o'Clock Club.

This club proposes to free Londoners from the thralldom of the one o'clock closing act, but we wish to see the committee list and a few responsible names enrolled on the list of members before we feel inclined to advise any of our readers to join the club.

The Quadrilateral. London: Saunders, Otley & Co., 1865.

This is a book of poems by three anonymous writers, and it contains some very telling pieces. The writers have done their best to present the reading public with a very wholesome volume of modern poetry. The opening piece called "Denmark's Welcome" is, to our mind, one of the best in the book.

The Argosy, Nos. 1 to 3.

This is comparatively a new magazine, written almost entirely by ladies. Mr. C. Reade writes *the* tale, and always takes good care to leave off in the most sensational part.

The Popular Magazine of Anthropology, No. 1. London: Trübner & Co.

This is a very able new quarterly. The articles are all worth reading, and the Jamaica question is handled in a most masterly manner.

Insurrection in Jamaica, by Rev. J. Aldis. Reading: Barcham.

A Teapotty view of the insurrection in Jamaica, written in language which would suit the readers of Mr. Bright's ever-twinkling *Star*.

A CAMBRIDGE VALENTINE (TO R. S.)

"Ἐρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισι. κ. τ. λ.

CUPID once among the roses
Lying all his idle length
That a bee lurk'd in a flower
Spied not; touched it in his play—

But the angry nymph of posies,
Thus disturb'd within her bower
Stung his hand with all her strength,
Stung his hand, and flew away.

"Mother, mother, I am dying!"
Cries the wounded little god,
For a snake, as I was lying
Half asleep upon the sod,
A small wingèd snake hath stung me,
Whom the peasants call a bee;
He hath slain me—I am dying:"
Thus spake Cupid, sobbing, crying.

But his mother laughing, cried,
"Cupid, if you thus complain
Of a little insect's sting,
Pray bethink you how much pain
Did your barbèd arrows bring
Those who for your sport have died."

L'ENVOY.

Gone is fair Cytherea's day,
And Eros too has pass'd away,
But "wingèd snakes" remain;
Ah! for the days of Joy and Mirth,
For Love has long fled all the earth,
And left us—nought but pain.

O master of the eloquent tongue
In which Anacreon's odes were sung
This paraphrase of mine
Receive, nor scorn the humble lay;
'Twas only an excuse to say
Good-morrow, Valentine.

A FRAGMENT.

"We sit together with the skies,
 The steadfast skies, above us:
 We look into each other's eyes,
 And "how long will you love us?"
 The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
 The voices low and breathless—
 "Till death us part."—Oh! words to be
 Out best—for Love the deathless!"

Mrs. B. Browning.

SOFT and low he spoke of comfort,
 Till her sobbing grief grew still,
 They were parting on the morrow,
 And she loved—as women will;—

With her blue eyes' tearful worship
 Lifted to his steadfast face,
 Till a slow, sweet, serious smiling
 Took the hopeless sorrow's place.

And his earnest eyes smiled also
 With a dark and tender glow,—
 "Ah! my Sun, shine out at parting,
 I can lose it better so!"

"Ah! my bright eyes, made for smiling,
 They must shine so, in my heart,
 Till they smile a happier welcome,
 And we meet, and shall not part.

"When the long, cold months have lifted
 All this winter from the hills,
 And the meadow lands grow golden
 With the joyous daffodils;—

"When you watch the crimson deepening
 On the clover fields in sun,
 With a softer, fainter flushing
 On your cheeks, my loving one.

"When the warm June air is fragrant
 With the sweet new roses blown,
 I shall claim my flower of summer,
 Call the fairest one my own.

"Then, my love will wear June roses,
Thinking how last year I said
That the fair curls' golden burnish
Lit their leaves to fuller red.

"You will lightly run to meet me,
Know my coming far away,
By the hoof-tramp on the gravel
Where the light lime shadows play.

"With the bright hair backward floating,
And the sweet face raised to mine,
Cheek, and lips, and forehead glowing
With that happy hour's divine.

"I shall fold you very closely,
None shall part us any more ;
On my home will fall the sunshine
With your footfall on the floor ;—

With the ringing of your laughter,
And your singing on the stair,
And the sweeter, holier blessing
Of your presence everywhere.

"Oh ! you must not weep, my dearest ;
Guard those bright eyes well for me,
For the happy summer meeting,
And the happier days to be !"

Summer came to hill and woodland
With a glow of hope fulfilled,
Streamed the sunshine on the meadows,
All the wavy grass to gild.

Very fair the red June roses
Flushed to fulness, one by one,
Scarlet buds to bloom, and sweetness
Opened by the summer sun.

Opened to the blackbird's singing,
To the flies with diamond wing,
When the birds and insects duly
Claimed the promise of the spring.

Opened to the eyes, that never
More should gaily count them o'er,
To the childish lips, whose redness
Should not shame them any more.

To the little hands that came not
Proud the red-rose wreath to claim,
When the day came, hoped and prayed for,
And he, too, who loved her, came.

But she never ran to meet him,
With her fair curls on the breeze—
Never more stood shy and watchful
'Neath the leafy linden trees.

Loving heart, that beat so quickly,
Warm, bright tears, that fell so fast,
In a white calm, folded dumbly,
Very surely dried at last.

And the rose-crown and the myrtle
Of her tender youth and love,
Changed for faint, fair blossoms scattered,
Paler brow, and breast above.

And the voice, the smile, the presence
Which had made that young cheek glow
Would it never light to meet him,
Never welcome him, but so?

Never! never!—oh! what are they,
Love and life, that thus we prize?
Soul with mirth of human laughter
Past—with light of human eyes!

Gone, while summer suns are golden,
And the glory on the trees,
And, alas! for human joyance,
When it frailer proves than *these*!

C. E. E.

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